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# Brexit: A love story



63 4 5

## Chapter 1 by Ayla\_qt

It was a late night, a woman was watching TV. The News was doing a segment on the Brexit votes, she was a strong believer in that every single immigrant should be denied access from the UK. Once the polls were over she jumped up in glee, "We won! We won the Brexit!" but then soon realized that the pound had gone into free-fall, she went onto a website that showed live statistics, the pound had gone down 10%.

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"But at least no more immigrants!" The woman reassured herself, an evil grin slithering across her face. She would see to that, even if it meant personally overseeing the project.

Her plan was to aid in the extrication of all non-British people from the royal country. But of course, this was just a humble beginning. She had high hopes of ridding the whole of England of anyone not of British descent. Especially those Syrian refugees.

The woman realized though, that she would be faced with much criticism and hate. But she was getting up in ears, and her mental faculties were not able to reason through things as well, or

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The crackling of fire could be heard as men and women marched through the streets of London with torches. Some held banners reading "Brit or Git" and chanted "God Save the Queen."

Children ran alongside the crowd waving the English flags high into the night sky. They Shouted and giggled and chatted amongst one another, following the example of their parents. The only thing they could figure out, was that those wearing turbans and strange head scarfs, were not to be trusted. For some reason, they were to be viewed as different, and were not allowed to participate in these festivities. In fact, they were actively removed from the vicinity.

The same woman who began these rallies, was leading the group through the foggy streets now, when her grandson came skipping up beside her.

"Grand-mama, how come Asahd can not come out and play with me here?" He queried, staring with large innocent blue eyes into the hard ones of the old woman.

The grandmother looked deep into the boy's uplifted face. "They are immigrants, Child." Seeing a question lingering in the boy's face, she continued. "That means they deserted their own country, they are disloyal. Instead of fixing the problems they have where they live, they seek to run from them and bring the evil here." She patted the child's hand, and then let it drop, as she resumed her chanting.

The boy raised his eyebrows and hung his head in contemplation, as he wandered back to the sidelines. *Asahd isn't evil. He is my best friend. Why would he want to come to Britain and cause trouble? Asahd and his family like it here, and they are very nice to me...*

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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